

The New Era.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. VII. NO. 21.

NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY JULY 9, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 333.

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the Court of Queen's Bench for the Counties of York and Peel, Residence, 40, St. George's St., Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. 1f-16

W. MOSLEY,
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,
Office on Yonge Street.
Aurora, 25th May, 1855. 1f-17

F. W. BATHRIK,
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Pianos tuned to order, Town or Country, on the shortest notice. Residence—House of Mr. Brodie. Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. 1f-31

J. SEXTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street Newmarket. All kinds of Watches and Clocks repaired in order, and Warranted.
WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business. Newmarket, September 8, 1855. 1f-32

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's prices, upon application to Thomas Nixon, at the Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel. Newmarket, March 26, 1856. 1f-10

GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,
MAIN STREET NEWMARKET. All Orders executed with Despatch.
Newmarket, Feb. 6th, 1856. 1f-50

New Wagon and Carriage Shop.
THE undersigned respectfully intimates to his friends and the public generally that he has lately opened a
WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP.
In his new premises, St. George's Street, near the Catholic Church, where will be prepared to execute all orders with which he may be favored, with neatness and dispatch.
Call and examine the work and hear the prices before purchasing elsewhere.
ROBERT MURRAY.
Newmarket, May 29, 1856. 1f-17

DR. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
NEWMARKET.
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street.
Feb. 20, 1857. 1f-3

Armstrong House,
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!
And nearest House to the Steamboat Landing,
COLLINGWOOD.
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.
July 3, 1857. 1f-22

Just Printed,
AND for Sale at this Office, BLANK MARBLED CERTIFICATES, adapted to the use of Ministers of all Denominations. Price 15 per dozen, or 63 per 100.
Newmarket, March 30, 1857. 1f-37

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEWMARKET.
THE proprietor having again renovated the above HOTEL, respectfully intimates to the travelling public that the premises have undergone a thorough repair, and he is now prepared for the reception of guests. The Railroad Hotel is one of the best in the Province, and the Landlord well supplied.
JAS. FORSYTH.
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. 1f-37

Newmarket Iron Foundry.
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for past favors, and to intimate that he is prepared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES, MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles usually required in his line of business.
A number of SUGAR KETTLES, and STOVES, FLOURISH, on hand for sale.
Newmarket, February 10th, 1851. 1f-1

TO THE AFFLICTED,
W. C. HUGHES begs to inform those who are afflicted with Cancer, Bronchitis or Thick Neck, and Salt Rheum, that he will warrant a cure of any of the above mentioned complaints. If the medicine given by him does not have the desired effect after a fair trial, the money will be returned.
Aurora, January 22nd, 1853. 1f-50

PURE COB LIVER OIL,
Can be obtained at
Dr. NASIF'S Medical Hall,
NEWMARKET.

HAVING just received a large supply; also, the Genuine Morro's Indian Root Pills, Holy Way's Ointment, and Salt, Rhuemoid Relief, Pain Expeller, Panacea's Vermifuge, Hemicure Tonic, Peppery Pills, Vegetable Antibilious Pills, Eye Salve, Cherry and Lung Wurt and Cherry Pectoral. The above are warranted genuine from the respective proprietors.
Newmarket, March 25th, 1852. 1f-6

Presons, Presons.
JUST RECEIVED, at this Office, a splendid assortment of BOOKS, STATIONERY and FANCY OFFICE, suitable for Christmas Presents. No charge for inspection—call and see.
NEW ERA OFFICE.
Newmarket, Nov. 25, 1857. 1f-50

Winn's Auction & Commission Store.
THE Subscribers have opened an Auction and Commission Store on the East of D. Boulton's, near the City of Toronto, Newmarket and surrounding country will be promptly attended to.
T. WINN, Auctioneer.
Newmarket, April 22nd, 1858. 1f-10

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
ARCHITECT &c, &c, St. George's, Canada West. Sharn, Jan. 25, 1856. 1f-51

GEO. HUGHES,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c, &c.
Bromfield, April, 1857. 1f-14

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons. Dealers in Lime, &c, &c.
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1857. 1f-14

Dr. E. VERNON,
—AURORA—
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gellie.
Aurora, March 11, 1857. 1f-6

CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
AURORA. 1f-16

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c, &c, Newmarket.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. 1f-36

R. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney Conveyancer, &c, Office—in the New Court, House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto. Toronto, June 1, 1857. 1f-3

JOHN R. JONES,
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c, &c, Office in Elgin Buildings, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto. Toronto, June 20, 1855. 2f-1y

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c, Commissioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old St. Paul's, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured. Newmarket, 1855. 1f-1

INTERNATIONAL.
Life Assurance Society of London,
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH, Agent.
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1855. 1f-41

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has REMOVED to his new premises on Lydia Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may be consulted at all hours, except when absent on professional business.
Newmarket, May 11, 1856. 1f-15

Dr. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Orbitt Hill), Newmarket. 1f-26

DONALD SUTHERLAND,
WATER STREET, NEWMARKET.
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
BOOTS & SHOES.
Ready-Made Clothing,
China, Glass and Earthenware.
The Highest price paid for Farm Produce.
Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c. 7m17

Unity Fire and Unity
General Insurance Associations,
OF ENGLAND,
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assurance Business.
Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.
Office—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., London, England.
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street.
J. W. MARSDEN.
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.
Newmarket, July 31, 1857. 1f-35

ROBERT BRODIE,
BUILDING, &c, &c,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed during the past few years, respectfully intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, find all Materials. Shop on Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. 1f-36

E. D. ROGERS,
JOINED AND CARPENTER,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage conferred since commencing business in this place, would respectfully intimate that he is prepared to contract for the ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
of all descriptions, and furnish materials or otherwise, as may be agreed upon. He keeps constantly on hand, a good supply of Sash and Doors. All orders executed in a neat and substantial manner, and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 21, 1857. 1f-31

Mr. ESTEN,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.
OFFICE—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Office, Eagle Street, Newmarket.
October 22, 1857. 1f-38

RYAN & HALLEN,
CIVIL ENGINEERS,
AND
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.
Office—Newmarket, County of York.
JOHN RYAN. S. W. HALLEN.
December 21, 1856. 1f-47

Just Received,
At the "New Era Office," a general assortment of Pens, Penholders, Pocket Inkstands, &c, &c, together with a large Stock of Note, Letter, Foolscap and Fancy Writing Paper, Envelopes, &c, &c.
Newmarket, Aug. 1st, 1857. 1f-50

LIME! LIME!
THE undersigned begs to inform the public generally that he has constantly on hand, at
AURORA STATION,
A large supply of fresh burnt LIME, from the
Rock Dale Lime Works,
Which will be sold at prices to suit the times. Also, an assortment of Cut Stone.
Windows Sills, Caps and Stone Pipe Stones.
J. C. FITZGERALD.
Aurora, Feb. 18, 1858. 1f-2

Poetry.
The Quakeress Bride!
"Oh! not in the hall of the noble and proud,
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd;
Where all is beauty and splendor arrayed,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek quakeress maid."

Nor yet in the temple those writes which she took,
By the altar the mitre crowned bishop and book;
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to him,
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim;
Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
But dwells with the country and lowly in mind.

'Twas there all unveiled, save by modesty stoop,
The quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;
Her charms undimmed by the garland or gown,
Yet fair as the lily just plucked from the stem.

A tear glistened bright, in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom full uttered a tremulous sigh;
As the hand she had pledged was confidently
By the given, and the low murmured accents recorded in Heaven.

I've been at the bridal when wealth spread the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was poured,
Where priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond fire in his thin locks of grey,
Gave the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep furrowed cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips could not speak.

But in all the array of the costliest scenes,
Naught seemed to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign;
As the quakeress bride, until death I am thine."

Literature.
"I Can't Give up my Bessing Sin."
Another reason which keeps men away from the Saviour, is their love of some besetting sin. Dr. Spencer tells us in his "Pastor Sketches" of a man; between fifty and sixty belonging to his congregation; serious in spirit, honest and industrious in life, and who often manifested much concern for his spiritual state; with whom he often conversed; who seemed very near the kingdom of heaven; and yet who, for months and months, remained just there. His pastor could not imagine what kept him from the Saviour. One day he met the parson riding towards the village, and as he stopped for a moment's salutation, he noticed a brown jug in his wagon. Although the farmer was a man of irreproachable outward habits, it flashed upon the pastor's brain that the peculiar position of mind in which the farmer had so long stood. Upon that hint he spoke.

"Mr. — where are you going?"
"To the village store."
"What are you going to do with that jug?"
The farmer cast his eye down upon it, a little confused, but with accustomed honesty, replied—"I am going to get some run out of it."
"Do you drink it?"
"Never to my hurt."
"You never drink any of it to do you any good?"
"I have thought it did, sometimes."
"Do you think it every day?"
"No—only when I have extra hard work, or when I am not well, or feel badly."
"You take a little whenever you feel troubled?"
"Yes I feel need of it then."
"Mr. — when you have been troubled by the claims of religion, and have felt troubled in view of spiritual state have you not then taken a drink because you have felt thus troubled?"
"Yes sir, I believe I have."

The pastor saw at once the solution of the problem that had worried him in reference to the farmer's condition—saw the danger which he stood. He determined to be faithful, and there by that road side, he proceeded to plead with him to give up that habit at once and forever, as the besetting sin which was ruining his soul. He spoke to him of his inherent folly, of his obvious consequence upon himself, of his danger to his children; accumulating, affectionately, argument. The old man answered never a word. He glanced restlessly around, as if he were cornered, and would be glad when the lecture was over. Then his eye fell upon the brown jug. As the pastor's appeal grew warmer, he watched it more closely. He stopped and touched it. With a very solemn countenance, and still without a word he lifted up the brown jug upon his knee.

The pastor kept on beseeching: "There was a large rock by the way side, just where they were. The old man's eye fell upon the rock. Suddenly rising to his full height, he dashed the jug into a thousand fragments against it, and gathering up his reins, turned his horses and started in a gallop for home. They never exchanged a word in reference to this unexpected result, but in less than thirty days thereafter, the old farmer's heart was full of the joy of salvation. The besetting sin was shattered—the brown jug no longer stood between him and the cross, and he found all his difficulties gone.

"This human nature. In the same manner besetting sins of one kind and another, kept many and many from repentance. They can give up every thing else, but that sin is so dear, they cannot surrender it yet."

To such we say—(1.) You are entirely right in supposing that your besetting sin must be given up before you can secure pardon.—(2.) Lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset you, is the inflexible condition.

(2.) It must be obvious upon a moment's reflection, that the difficulty of overcoming such a sinful habit—from the necessity of the case—increased with every day's delay. Is a day of new indulgence, and every new indul-

gence adds some sinew of strength to the cord by which it holds you. If then, it is so strong that you find it impracticable to break away from it now, how will you find it when further indulgence shall have made the little finger of its future larger than it is to-day?

(3.) It must be obvious also, that while much is lost, to the easiness of the effort of repentance, by delay, nothing whatever is gained. The very same struggle from which you now draw back, must be undertaken, some time, and accomplished in the face of greatly increased obstacles. Nothing is gained, but more sin to be repented of; more sin to make God less likely to visit you with his mercy, more sin to strengthen the chain by which Satan leads you captive at his will.

(4.) These things being true, the whole matter resolves itself into this very simple question: given, on the one side Christ, holiness, heaven here, and heaven hereafter, and for ever, and on the other side, your sin—the privilege of making yourself worse a little longer, with the ever present danger of being cut off impatient—the privilege of having more sin to repent of, and of increasing indefinitely the difficulty of repentance—these two which will you choose? Which is safest, manifest best? Does a man who has a great many complaints and concerns besides, at last, or unreasonably, when he says to his friend who urges him to procure the best medical attendance without a moment's delay? "Yes, I know I am in danger—that these things must be cured, or I shall die, but I want to let this cancer get a little worse before I have a physician. By and by, I will have one if I live."—Congregationalist.

The Bewitched Clock.
A CAPITAL STORY.
About half-past seven o'clock on Sunday night a human leg, enveloped in blue broad cloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Cephas Barber's kitchen window. The leg was followed by the entire body of a live Yankee, attired in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes. It was in short, Joe Maywood, who through burglarious by won his way into the Deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old Deacon made by order!" he thought to himself. "I promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothing about windows. Windows is as good as doors, and there ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder if Sally will come down?—the critter promised me. I'm afeared to move about here, cause I might break my shins over 'um," or another, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Polish bear. Oh here comes Sally."

"The beautiful maiden then descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of hopes and fears. But the course of true love ran not a whit smoother in old Barber's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe who was just making up his mind for a kiss, was startled by the voice of the old Deacon, her father, shouting from his chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"
"Tell him it is most morning," whispered Joe.

"I can't tell a fib," replied Sally.
"I'll make a truth then," whispered Joe, and running to the large old fashioned clock that stood in the corner, he set it at five.

"Look at the clock, and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.
"It's five by the clock," replied Sally, and immediately corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to crack. "Good gracious! it's father coming down," exclaimed Sally.
"The Deacon by thunder!" cried Joe, "hide me, Sally."

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.
"O, I know," said he; "I'll squeeze into the old clock case. And without another word, he concealed himself in the case and closed the door.

The Deacon was dressed, and seated himself down by the cooking stove, he pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and began deliberately to smoke.
"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hadn't you better feed the critters first?" suggested the faithful Sally.
"No, smoken" cleans my head and wakes me up, replied the old Deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

"Bur-r-r, whizz, ding! ding! ding! went the old clock.
"Tormented lightning!" exclaimed the Deacon, starting up and laying the pipe on the stove, "what on earth is that?"
"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally tremulously.

"Whizz, ding! ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.
"Power of creation!" cried the Deacon; "striking five, eh?" It struck over a hundred times.

"Deacon Barber!" cried the Deacon's better half, who had hastily retired herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm, "what in the universe is the matter with that clock?"
"Goodness only knows," replied the old man, never acted so before."

"Whizz, ding! ding! whizz-z, went the old clock again.
"I'll bust myself," cried the old lady, shedding a flood of tears; "and there won't be nothing left of it."

"It's bewitched," said the old Deacon, who retained a leaning of good old New England superstition in his nature. "And now," said he after a pause, advancing resolutely towards the clock, "I'll see what is going on in it."

"Oh, don't," cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife clung to the other. "Deat, chorused both the young ones.
"Let go my raiment," shouted the Deacon. "I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go, so the Deacon slipped out of his coat, and while from the sudden cessation of resistance they felt heavily on the floor, he pitched forward and grabbed the knob of the clock door. But no human

power could open it, for "Joe" was holding it from the inside with a death grip!

The old Deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, then the clock case pitched head foremost at the Deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The corset of the air extinguished the light—the Deacon, the old lady and Sally fled up stairs, and Joe Maywood extricated himself from the clock, and effected his escape by the same way he entered.

The next day all Appulton was alive with the story that Deacon Barber's clock had been bewitched, and although many believed his version yet some, and especially Joe Maywood, affected to discredit the whole affair, and hinted that the Deacon had been trying the experiment of tasting hard cider, and that the vagaries of the clock only existed in his disordered imagination.

However, the interest being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock till it went as well as ever.

Miscellany.
Confidence may not be reciprocal, but kindness should be so always.
Speaking without thinking is like shooting without taking aim.
The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; but time writes no wrinkles on the brow of eternity.

It seems as natural to many a being to call others fools and asses as it is to be both himself.
Was it ever known that a rural residence, tastefully planned and appropriately adorned, was not the abode of refinement and intelligence.

One reason why the world is not reformed is because every man is bent on reforming himself.
ADHERENCE TO TRUTH.—In proportion as men are real coin, and not counterfeit, they soon to enjoy credit for what they have not. Paint me, said Cromwell, wrinkles and all. Even on canvas the great hero despised falsehood.

Alphabet of Proverbs.
A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
Boasters are cousins to liars.
Confession of a fault makes half a mend.
Denying a fault doubles it.
Envy slanders at others and wounds herself.

Foolish fear doubles danger.
God reverts good things by our hands.
He that has a good conscience has nothing to do.
It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
Knavery is the worst trade.
Learners make a man fit company for himself.

Modesty is a guard to virtue.
Not to hear conscience is the way to silence it.
One's own home is the best home, though ever so small.
Proud larks make foul work in fair faces.
Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
Richest is he that wants least.
Small faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.

The boughs that bear most hang lowest.
Upright walking is sure walking.
Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
Wise men make more opportunities than they find.
You never lose by doing a good turn.
Zeal without knowledge is without light.

Parliamentary.
House of Assembly.
(Abridged from the Globe.)
Friday, June 25.

This evening the ministerial party made an attack upon the personal character of the member for Toronto, second only in grossness and force to that made by them in the session of 1856, in reference to the Penitentiary Commission. Mr. Brown, as our readers are aware, has taken an active part in conducting the enquiries into the state of the public finances in the Committee of Public Accounts. He has been exposed in so doing, to very fierce assaults by members of the Ministry—charges of falsehood of the most offensive kind have been poured upon him in the House and in Committee; and as we have said, the Inspector General went so far as to threaten personal violence. Outside the House, similar threats have been made by members of the Ministerial party, and everything betokened on the part of Mr. Macdonald and his followers to strike by whatever means they could their most prominent antagonist. The House sat all day yesterday in Committee of Supply, debating very freely almost everything connected with the recent exposures. We have room this morning for but a small portion of what was said, but will supply the rest on a future occasion. After the evening recess, the Opposition re-opened the debate with great vigour and effect—Mr. McKellar, and Mr. McGee pressing home the charges made thoroughly and forcibly. The ministry left the weakness of their position, and the Premier himself rose to reply. There has been a good deal said of late in the House, in reference to moderating the language which has been used, of endeavouring to smooth instead of exciting the asperities of the conflict which must necessarily be carried on, and as leader of the House and of the Government, it might have been expected that Mr. Macdonald would have taken some of these lessons to heart. Instead of doing so, his language was more abusive than usual, his accusations more bitter and severe, and all were as if the senior member for Toronto, Mr. (Cowardly) "vulgar," which were the words which poured in profusion from the lips of the Attorney General. Mr. Brown, replied with warmth—defending himself against the charges of having improperly assailed the Inspector General,

and referred to facts and figures, to show that he had supported all the accusations which he had made. Then came the climax of the affair. Mr. Brown, who had been referred to incidentally in the course of Mr. Brown's speech, with language of menace, with an intensity of language in his countenance, of which we can give no idea, proceeded to assail Mr. Brown.

We have no time to enter into the details of the affair; suffice it to say that the Minister for Carleton went as much beyond the Attorney General, as he had transcended the limits of propriety and decency. It was the gravest personal attack we have yet seen, ever perpetrated in any deliberative body. It was met promptly, fully, effectively, by Mr. Brown and the feeling of both sides of the House went to the verge of personal violence. Several members addressed to several members, and at one time, his friend, Mr. Fallowell, came from the back to the front of the House, with his hands to prepare for a fight. We can give no idea of the scene. Surely a Ministry must be bad, indeed, which is compelled to adopt such weapons of defence.

The Opposition held out manfully against the abominable attempt on the part of the Ministry, to force the Supply through before a full enquiry is made into the state of the finances by the Committee of Public Accounts. They contended that they cannot vote away large sums of money until they know what is the present state of the funds, and they caused not to be informed on that subject, till at least the evidence of the Committee is brought down. The Ministry and the Speaker interfered to prevent them using that evidence, although it has been published in this journal; yet they seek to drive the vote of supplies through the House, contrary to good order and parliamentary rule, evidently for the purpose of escaping, if possible, from the storm which their misdeeds have raised. The Opposition are determined to have all the facts out, and then the House may decide as it pleases. In order to secure that, they will sit and speak for a month to come, if necessary. Our reports of the House sitting at half-past four, and twelve o'clock to night will find the Opposition, at all events, still at their post.

Slave Trade.—In the House of Lords on the 17th, the Bishop of Oxford called attention to the Spanish Slave Trade. He contended that the present threatening affairs in the West were occasioned by having so long permitted Spain to break her treaty engagements. Lord Brougham strongly opposed the policy of Spain. Earl Malmesbury deeply regretted that the efforts of England to suppress the Slave Trade had not been seconded by other nations. He had admitted to the American Government that, as a question of international law, England was not entitled to insist upon the right of visit or search, but he should also put the question strongly to the American Government whether they would continue to permit their flag to be prostituted to the worst of purposes, and had urged the necessity of an ocean police, and that some understanding should be come to between different maritime nations which would enable nationality of vessels to be clearly verified, without any danger of a breach of international law. He had every reason to believe, from a conversation with the American Minister, that some such arrangements will be come to. With regard to Spain, it was notorious that hitherto the moral support of England had materially aided her in resisting the wishes of the United States to annex Cuba; but if she still persists in supporting the Slave Trade, it was highly probable that the present anxiety of Great Britain would be exchanged for indifference. Earl Grey and Aberdeen assented to Lord Malmesbury's definition of international law.

Honouring a Statesman.—The Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, so well known in connection with politics in that province, has been presented by the citizens of Halifax with a gift of £1,000 in money. In his letter of acceptance Mr. Howe says:

"For the desire which my friends express to improve my worldly fortunes, I ought to be and trust I am, sincerely grateful, I have never valued money much. The sum you do not present might have been mine, in the form of official salary, had I clung to office; but it would have been purchased by mean compliance—by a sacrifice of principle—by a surrender of common rights that ought to be sacredly preserved. I would rather owe an obligation to my friends than receive money from the Province, as the price of my silence, when her honor or interests were concerned. Gifts such as those which Gratian, Cobden, and Webster have felt themselves honored by accepting, I have neither the false pride or morbid sensitiveness to decline."

Another Expedition to Nicaragua.—We observe a report in the Philadelphia Argus to the effect that Gen. Walker is about to sail for Nicaragua with three thousand associates. Of course this is an exaggeration. It is not at all improbable, however, that Gen. Walker will soon return to Nicaragua, and with a sufficient force to insure the quiet occupation of the country. The internal disturbance of the isthmian provinces invite his presence, while the movements of Mr. Belley make out a sufficient case for the passive acquiescence of our own government. We cannot imagine a more obvious and effectual expedition for the defeat of foreign intrigues in Central America than to assist Walker in the conquest of the country. All things considered we may hazard the assertion that the United States Government will not again intercept a filibuster's expedition to Nicaragua.—Richmond South.

The Downsville Statesman says that a measurement has been taken from the top of the coal pit shaft to the bottom of the first vein, and the distance is found to be over 117 feet. They are now boring through a rock called the millstone grit, and feel confident that they will find coal on its under side. The Statesman asserts that "only a short time will elapse before the final discovery of a number of coal veins will be made." And the Messrs. Bates, to whom the property belongs, so soon as they touch the second vein of coal, will send word to the different parts of the Province, and wait for two or three days, prior to boring through it, so that all who wish may have an opportunity of witnessing for themselves the operation.

The Nashville Homestead says that besides the excellent syrup and sugar made from the Chinese sugar cane, there is yet another article obtained from it which is of pleasant taste, and doubtless healthy in its consequences. It is obtained by putting the expressed juice of the cane into a clean wood or glass vessel, allowing it to stand ten or twelve days when it assumes the appearance of fluid water, and it is fit for use. The flavor is similar to our best cider, and we suppose might be properly called cane cider.

The Difference Between Married and Single.—"A little more animation; my dear," whispered Lady B—to the gentle Susan, who was walking through the quadrille. "Do leave me to manage my own business, mamma," replied the prudent nymph. "I shall not dance my ringlets out of curls for a married man." "Of course not, my love; but I was not aware who your partner was."

Last Sunday week, the Rev. Mr. McClenahan denounced from the altar of a Catholic Church in New York, a notorious "dead rabbit" ruffian named Henry Rice, who was renowned for the exposure. On Saturday night he carried his threat into execution, and the priest, knocked him down and kicked him most brutally. No charge will be preferred as it is desired to keep the affair as quiet as possible.—Globe.

A writer from Reno informs the Christian Advocate and Journal that on the front of a popish Church in that city, he found Hebrew, 16th, running thus: "Let us come boldly into the throne of the Virgin Mary, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Foreign and Colonial.
Whither are we Drifting?
From the Toronto Citizen.

Parliament has been four months in session, and where are its results? The Administration has been sustained by a large aggregate majority, and what has it done to justify the confidence it has claimed? A season of extreme financial difficulty is yet before us, and how do the Ministry propose to pilot the vessel of state through the rocks and shoals that are ahead? By what policy are we to be governed? By what principles shall we be guided? To whom shall we look for the measures that are needed to save the country from ruin?

These are questions which demand, and must have, an answer. The public have waited expectantly and most patiently, until the time for Parliament's session. Popular endurance is rapidly approaching exhaustion. The body politic suffers from maladies which require immediate action. And he is faithful, both to party and principle, who consents to allow the session to close without the application of remedies adapted to the emergency.

The ground upon which the Moderate party justified its claims to electoral support, was its professed readiness and ability to inaugurate a policy suited to the times. Yet, to this hour, we are without, not merely a policy, but the faintest resemblance to anything of the kind.

Not a question has been met upon its merits. Not a semicentilation of statesmanship, not a spark of courage or capacity, has been allowed to display itself in the budget of 1858. From first to last there has been vac

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